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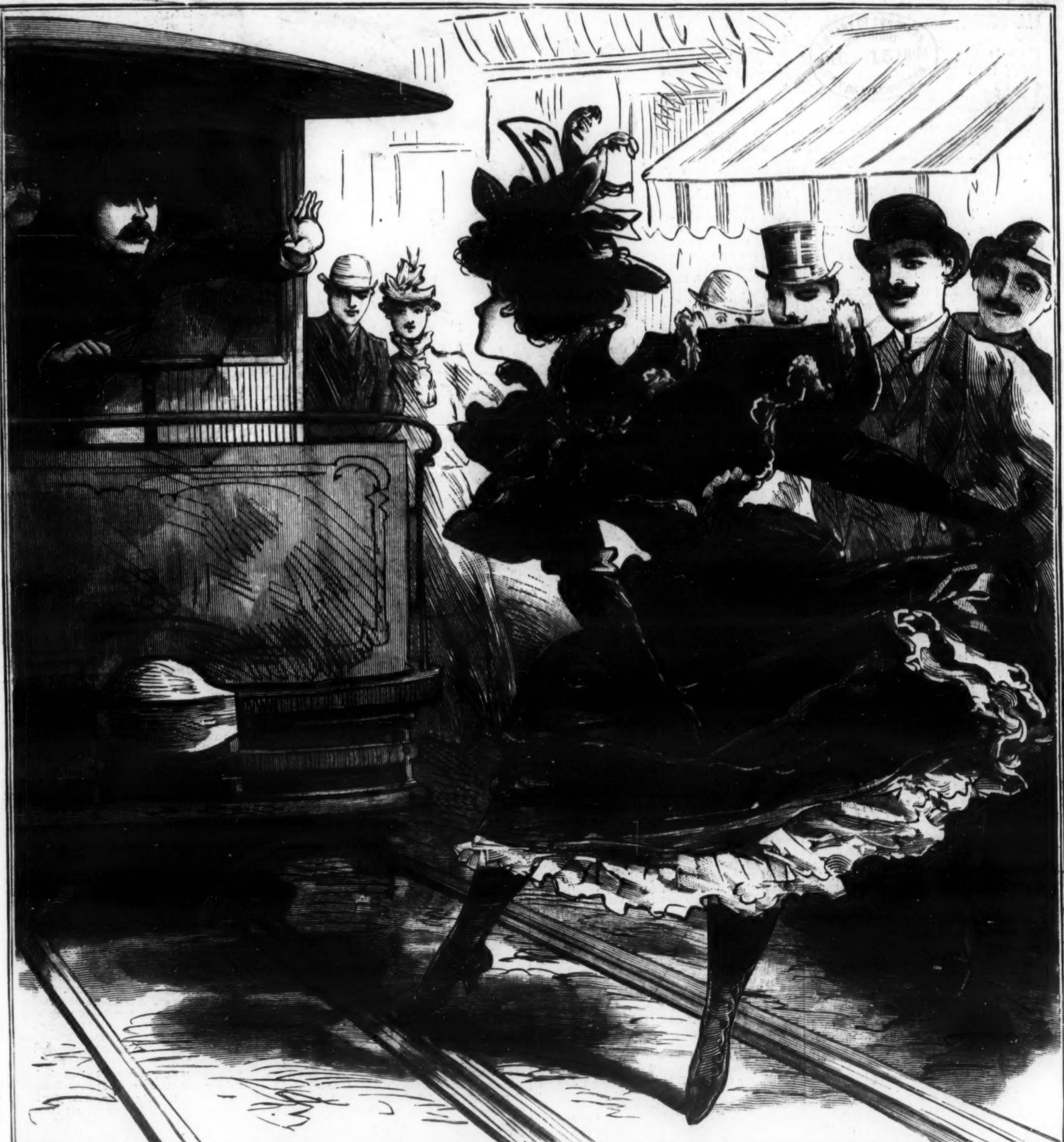
THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
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Henry Weston

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RICHARD K. FOX
Editor and Proprietor

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DANCED IN THE STREET.

AN OPEN-AIR PERFORMANCE GIVEN BY A STRANGE YOUNG WOMAN UNDER WINE'S INFLUENCE.



ESTABLISHED 1814.

RICHARD K. FOX, . . . Editor and Proprietor.

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RICHARD K. FOX.

FOOTBALL VS. BOXING.

With the completion of the legitimate football season the annual discussion of the relative brutality of football and boxing has begun, with a vigorous attack on the gridiron game by the lights of pugilism. The manly art has been criticised harshly and unjustly by the very people who can see nothing brutal in football, and James J. Corbett has taken the cudgels in behalf of pugilism.

"My contention is that boxing is a manly and honorable sport," says the champion, "and it is far from being a brutal one. Professional pugilists box for money. They strive to win, and oftentimes a contest may appear brutal when in reality it is not altogether so. The college men play football for glory, and it looks to me as though the highest aim of some of the players is to maim an opponent. The spectacle of one fellow on the ground with half a dozen others jumping on his neck may be a pleasant one to some folks. I want none of it in mine."

"When it comes to brutality, there is nothing that I know of save a purring match which compares with football as it is played in these days. Look over the record for this year alone and see the number of young men who have been injured by being jumped on or kicked. Yet men and women who would hold up their hands in horror at the sight of a boxing-glove pay fabulous prices to watch these brutal exhibitions, and shout themselves hoarse before they get through."

"Boxing, where professionals are concerned in it, is frowned upon by a majority of the people who patronize football games. As a matter of fact there is nothing brutal about it. No thoroughly trained athlete has ever been seriously injured in a glove contest. As a rule men who are knocked out are as good as ever five minutes after the affair is over. When men who have heart disease and who are not trained engage in a boxing contest it is quite a different thing, but this should not be permitted. Any physician can tell in an instant whether a man is in shape for a glove fight, and an examination should be made of the men who are about to enter the ring."

MASKS AND FACES.

Gaiety Girls Submit Their Arms to the Knife.

ALL WERE VACCINATED.

Jessie Bartlett-Davis and Lillian Russell are no Longer Such Close Friends.

SHARP NOTES OF PRIMA DONNAS.

Kick as they might, there was only an unsympathizing doctor around to applaud. He was too busy with his scratching to do much applauding. It was the worst kicking the kicksome gaiety girls ever did.

"Never saw such an old brute," said dainty Decima Moore in the midst of it all. "That doctor—d' y' know, I came near giving him one in the eye, quietly, don't y' know."

"It hurt me more than a jig o' whirls" gasped Clisy Fitzgerald, as she pulled her rustling skirts up—far up over the knee—and examined critically a little red blotch upon the white flesh. "Wonder if it's going to put me on the sofa." "What does she mean?" I asked some one.

"On de sof'—why, dat's on de bum—laid up—putter soak," explained one of the call boys. "Dat chip tinks her leg'll swell an she's gotter sneak from de dancin' and der high kickin'. Bee!"

"Oh, leg o' me leg! Oh, leg o' me leg!" screamed a voice that was like that of the dashing and winsome Ethel Selwyn.

"Don't be so bashful; let me see it!" cried another voice like that of Marie Yorke.

Legs? Indeed, Gaiety girls never thought so much of their legs as they did on that particular day. They all had

So the scratching of legs began. Little Nympay May fainted dead away the minute the doctor touched her leg with the sharp quill.

"Poor Nympay!" cried a dozen sympathetic voices, and a dozen Gaiety girls dropped their skirts to hurry to Nympay's aid.

"The brutes!" cried Decima. "They never did this to us in good old Lunnon."

"But they ought to!" shouted Leedham Bantock whose father is a surgeon there.

When it came Mrs. Phelps' turn she said she'd take it on the arm.

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried the girls who had their feet upon chairs or any other old thing, watching the red scratches.

"I don't have to show my arms," said Mrs. Phelps, haughtily. "Put it away up; right near the shoulder, please."

"I have mine there, too," said the modest Miss Blackie, who has her heels above her head half the time she's on the stage.

"Now, we're going to telegraph to Boston's Health Officer that you've left here on the afternoon boat," said one of the doctors; when all the girls had been seen to. "He'll watch you, and we're going around to the places where you've lived in town to see that you haven't left any germs."

The girls gave the doctors their addresses, and wandered out, while the men—Charlie Ryley, Cecil Hope, Fritz Rimma, Lou Brofield, Fred Kaye, Bantock, Tay-

It was usually one of the American chorus that was called on to fill the vacancy. The public was never any the wiser in these cases, and the exhibits of beauty were so charming that perhaps the result was just as happy when they appeared under any other names.

There was a delightful atmosphere of indifference about the performances which Mr. Daly may have struggled hard to counteract, but the girls had been playing "A Gaiety Girl" some time, and knew so well how they wanted to do it that no protest was effective. It was a little bit unfamiliar on the stage of this theatre, but it probably didn't injure the results of the show. The Wednesday matinees, which are likely to be rather serious functions in any theatre, became, under the genial influence of this company, very jovial little entertainments. There never was any lack of sympathy between the actresses and their audience, however, for their first efforts was to locate their friends in front, and when that preliminary was gone through with, they filled in the intervals of recognition with as much acting as they thought was necessary to keep the play moving.

This sort of thing is much more familiar in London than it is to New Yorkers. London players of established reputation are likely to appear indifferent to American spectators, but it is puzzling when there is no certainty that the actress whose name is on the programme is the one who is playing the part, and besides the women that are acting in "A Gaiety Girl" are charming enough to deserve to be known by their right names. But the Horse Show was attractive, and a drive in the Park pleasanter than a matinee; so, after all, it is not hard to understand that the cast should have been subject to so much change.

Oh, but here's a how d'y do!

Jessie Bartlett Davis and Lillian Russell, both pretty women, and between whom, mind you, there has been until a week ago a close tie of affection and appreciation, have actually indulged in unkindly correspondence. And over what? Why simply a matter of costumes and dialogue.

Miss Davis is the fascinating *Idalia* in "Prince Ananias," at the Broadway Theatre. *Idalia* has been married three times, and thrice has she been divorced. Now, while the unfortunate matrimonial complication is entirely due to the authors, Francis Neilson and Victor Herbert, and Miss Davis but follows her lines, some have been unkind enough to say her remarks were unprofessional, in that they reflected upon another professional.

There is no doubt but that this would have passed had not some one declared that Jessie Bartlett Davis' costumes were simply a reproduction of those worn by Lillian Russell in "La Cigale," "Apollo" and "The Grand Duchess." It is on this question of costumes that the trouble between Miss Davis and Miss Russell hinges. Of course, Miss Russell's time was occupied in the "Queen of Brilliants." She had no opportunity to look upon Miss Davis' dress, and, therefore, relied upon what she had read and heard.

Miss Davis was shocked last week when she tore open an envelope, sweetly scented, and found enclosed a newspaper clipping referring to the costumes, across which, in a bold hand, Miss Russell had hastily written, "Thanks, awfully."

Then it was that correspondence opened between Miss Davis, at the Broadway Theatre, and Miss Russell, at Abbey's, diagonally across Broadway. Miss Davis penned an indignant reply—a very indignant one—and Miss Russell sat down and did likewise.

Just what these notes contained I could not learn. It was impossible to see Miss Russell, and Teddy Piper, her representative, declared, "Ah! this is the first I've heard of it, really. There have been so many rumors of late," and then disappeared.

Jessie Bartlett Davis I saw on the Broadway Theatre stage as she was leaving for home.

"Yes," she replied, "there is a little feeling between myself and Miss Russell at present, and I'm very sorry for it."

"It's all due to a newspaper item, too. I do not think that idle writings should sever friendships, for I have always looked upon Miss Russell as a friend. I admire her beauty and her work. I designed all the costumes I wear and then submitted them to the management of the Bostonians. They were not copies of anything Miss Russell has worn."

"I did write Miss Russell a very saucy note and I'm sorry I did, but I was mortified that she should pay any attention to the article. She wrote me an equally pointed note. I'm very, very sorry about the whole thing. Now, if I had thought that my lines about being married three times would have been considered to in any way reflect upon Miss Russell, I would have objected to them."

Arthur F. Clark, business manager of the Bostonians, says:

"Upon the production of 'Prince Ananias' several earnest students of the drama detected what they supposed to be a direct slap at Miss Lillian Russell in Jessie Bartlett Davis' performance of *Idalia*. We certainly regret it very much. A molehill has been made to pass as a mountain by the elaboration of mere coincidences in 'Prince Ananias' into an alleged burlesque of a prominent singer's private affairs. The long established reputation of the Bostonians should sufficiently refute any such charge."

"The Cotton King" has scored a large-sized hit at the Academy of Music, where it will certainly enjoy a large run. William A. Brady has staged the play in a superb manner and the company presenting it is a strong one. It includes such good actors as Eben Plympton, Dominick Murray and May Wheeler.

GAIETY GIRLS INOCULATED.

to be vaccinated. Why? They had been kicking around all over the stages at Daly's and the Harlem Opera House with a lot of smallpox germs. The leading comedian, Harry Monkhouse, had gathered them somewhere and developed them so carefully that Dr. Doty of the Bureau of Contagious Diseases had to take him to the Reception Hospital. He had real case of varioloid, which would have been the worst kind of smallpox if he hadn't been vaccinated in England so thoroughly.

So all the Gaiety girls and the Gaiety men, and all the stage hands and theatre managers who had been around with the Gaiety people had to be vaccinated. They were ordered to the stage of Daly's Theatre at 11 o'clock one morning last week. They were there promptly, all sixty of them—all save one little dancer who had a cold and badly inflamed bronchial tube. There were Clisy Fitzgerald and that fair Cambridgeshire lassie, Ethel Selwyn; Juliette Nesville, Maude Hobson, Blanche Massey, Sophie Elliott, Marie Yorke, Decima Moore, even Mrs. Edmund Phelps and all the lesser stars.

"But scratch us girls on the arms and make such ugly sores? Not a bit of it," cried plump Mabel Maunton, one of the doctors who was there to do the scratching honors, said: "Young ladies, we'll try you first."

No, sir! those doctors needn't think they could make ugly red scars on Mabel Maunton's arms, nor on Marie Yorke's, nor on Clisy Fitzgerald's, nor on any of the rest's arms.

"We'll have it on the leg, please," remarked Mabel, with repellent dignity. "Why? Because we want it there, to be sure. We have to show our bare arms every night. See? D' y' catch on?"

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lor and the others got scratched on the arms. "We're just scared to death for fear our legs will swell up, and we can't dance at all," explained Miss Selwyn to me later. "But I suppose it's what's got to be."

Dr. Doty has not discovered where Comedian Monkhouse could have caught his germs.

"Monkhouse will be all right in ten days," said the doctor. "He has only a mild form of the disease. He sits up and reads and is quite comfortable."

Monkhouse is one of the most popular of English comedians. His first London appearance was at the Grecian, whence he went to the Gaiety. With the Nellie Farren Company he made many hits. In "Paul Jones" and as Uncle Mat in "La Cigale" he did his best work.

By the way, the nimble-footed women of "A Gaiety Girl" left New Yorkers in doubt as to their identities when they surrendered Daly's stage to Shakespeare and Ada Rehan. It would require mathematical ingenuity to reckon just how often the cast, as it was printed on the programme, really acted in the piece.

Never did the responsibility of their calling rest so lightly on actresses as it did on the comely shoulders of these frisky burlesquers. There was no making these birds sing when they didn't feel like it, and fines had no terrors for them. There are said to have been many stormy scenes between Manager Daly and the irrepressible young women as to how and when they should act. They seemed to succumb unprecedently to the rigors of our climate, and its effect on the performances was most notable during the week of the Horse Show. The principals were from time to time out of the cast, and the programme of the theatre made no mention of their absence.

It is not a very great contribution to the world's knowledge to know that Florence Lloyd was singing *Lady Virginia*, and not Maude Hobson, as the playbill invariably announced; nor that Grace Palotta had taken Juliette Nesville's place as the French maid. The ranks of *Lady Virginia's* charges, as well as of "A Gaiety Girl" in general, were frequently depleted, and

MAKES MONEY--DRAWS TRADE.

The Saloon at the next corner keeps *The Police Gazette* on file. Why don't you? \$1.00 pays for 13 weeks' subscription. This is a good tip. Send on your \$1.00 for 13 weeks' trial. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

By the Aid of a Pistol He is Forced to Wed.

HE GOT THE WRONG GIRL.

A Beautiful Young Woman who is Infatuated with a Servant Girl.

HER SAD STORY IN A LETTER.

The town of Steelton, Pa., has had a number of interesting sensations lately. What is known in the South as a "military marriage" took place there during the week. A military wedding is not one where the hubby to be is a soldier. But guns play an important part in the ceremony. It is usually a six-shooter in the hands of the frate parent or brother of a wronged miss that causes the marriage. That was what was the matter in this case. A young man who works in Harrisburg, Pa., but lives in Steelton, was the groom, and the bride is one of the fair damsels of the same town. The pair took a rather protracted trip to a watering place in the summer, and a month ago the damsel showed signs of needing a husband very badly indeed. At first she would not reveal the name of the dreadful young man, but shrewd suspicion attached the blame to one young fellow, and she finally confessed that he would be the father. Papa visited him, and argued with him to such good effect that the wedding took place. But some people still laugh.

A young man who has been living at a hotel at Steelton wishes that pretty serving maid had not been included in the general make-up of the world. At the hotel in question there is a fairy who attends to the rooms. She makes up beds and does a number of other things of that character. The young man has some great propensities in the line of lunar observations through the bottom of a tumbler. He can empty about as many beer glasses in a given time as any man in the borough. But when his inside is filled he insists on taking more, and this gets into his head, and he does some queer things. One night not long ago he went out with the boys and gave a very creditable imitation of a tank. But his ideas were considerably mixed, and he knew not what he did. He did not return to his hotel until the early hours of the morning. When he did he stayed out of his room until nearly 5 o'clock. About that time the pretty serving maid began to attend to her duties. His door was open, and he managed to entice her inside. But he had poked the wrong girl, and when he made a shady proposition to her she proceeded to show him some work that would have done all sorts of credit to a prize fighter in a str. et scrap. She ended by breaking a good deal of crockery on various portions of his anatomy, and in the morning he had great difficulty in explaining his condition. But, unfortunately for him, the girl was not yet through with him, and she made a complaint to the proprietor of the house, while half a dozen other guests were present. The result was the story got about town, and the young man is dividing his time between saying that it is not so and seeking a new boarding place.

When a woman loves she loves with a vim!

It is seldom, however, that the object of her infatuation is the family cook, as is the case with pretty Lizzie Helen Lundborg, daughter of a marine architect of high standing and social position.

This case is stranger, even, than that of Freda Ward and Alice Mitchell, for they were companions and social mates, while Kate Newell, whom Lizzie Lundborg says she loves better than her own parents, was employed as a domestic in her father's family.

The story of this weird, abnormal infatuation has already been told. Lizzie Lundborg did not shoot and kill Kate Newell, as Freda Ward shot Alice Mitchell, but she left her home when the servant was discharged, that she might be near her and share her bed and board in a rickety attic room.

The Lundborg girl is now separated from her girl lover, being detained in the insane pavilion of Bellevue Hospital. An examination was held a few days ago to determine her sanity, but there seems to be a difference of opinion as to whether Lizzie Lundborg is really insane or the victim of hypnotism exerted by Kate Newell.

It took Superintendent Byrnes' detectives several weeks to locate the inseparable girls, after he was apprised by Mr. Lundborg of his daughter's strange infatuation and of the fact that the girls had left the house together.

They were traced to several places and were finally located in a house kept by a Mrs. Faulkner, at No. 234 West Thirty-ninth street, in New York city. Mrs. Faulkner has a large sign on the front of the house announcing "Robes." The Lundborg girl and the late Lundborg family cook were found there sharing a small hall room at the top of the house.

A reporter tried to find Kate Newell to elicit her opinion as to Lizzie Lundborg's sanity. When a call was made at Mrs. Faulkner's, a blond-haired maid opened the door, and in answer to all questions replied that she knew "nothing at all."

Kate Newell, it was learned, had left the house, and no one could be found who could tell where she had gone.

Mr. and Mrs. Lundborg insist that their daughter must be of unsound mind. They have in their possession several letters which seemingly do point to the girl's insanity. One of these letters, which Lizzie sent her parents from a Sixth avenue shop, in the Tenderloin district, near where she was living, shows the peculiar

infatuation which exists between the two girls. This letter Lizzie Lundborg sent home the day after she went away with the servant girl. It reads as follows:

NEW YORK, Oct. 6, 1894.

"DEAR PAPA AND MAMA: Do not be alarmed if I do not come home to-night, as you probably expected when I left home this morning.

"It was not a sudden momental impulse. I have considered it long, as long as two months back. At the same time I wish to convince you and make absolutely plain that I am led by no influence but my own, and as I have so many times and so often been reminded my presence being superfluous, concluded it best to take the opportunity favored, and lead it where it is more appreciated, wanted and craved.

"You are fully aware how much Kate and I are attached to each other, and yet you could be so heartless as to let her go—in other words, to separate us. You do not understand me. No two natures are alike in the world, and when not understood by one's parents it ought to be studied and gratified by them.

"What pleasures, what amusements have I had? None! Yet you would deprive me of, forbid me the one I most desired.

"Our pleasures have always been more or less dictated to me, things we never cared for, appreciated or took interest in, and I do not understand why so innocent a pleasure as that of Kate's company and association should be so displeasing.

"Other parents would be glad, delighted that their child was so liked, and liked again in return, and for that would also like that person. You do not understand me. None of my close relatives do. Kate does; she understands my nature, my inner self, and I cannot help loving her.

"A truer, nobler, more loyal heart than hers never beat, and you ought to be proud your child was liked by her. Is it a sin, a crime to be fond of her? Affection is never made, it is inborn, and instinct bestows it on its choice.

"Kate is mine. You have each other. She has no one! When the great sorrow, grief and misfortune befall her this summer and placed her alone in the world, a good, noble, manly brother's affection and guardianship lost forever, I

district, the two girls have often been seen, it is said, to kiss each other on the street. Lizzie Lundborg said at the hospital that she was not enticed away from home by Kate Newell, but left of her own accord. Her parents, she said, were cruel, and would not let her go on the stage. Kate Newell is not of prepossessing appearance, being very tall and of poor proportions. She is dark-complexioned, decidedly "mannish" in her appearance, and has a badly marked face from smallpox.

She had evidently deserted her girl lover, fearing that she may get herself into trouble. She left Mrs. Faulkner's one morning soon after dawn. Lizzie Lundborg is twenty years of age, remarkably pretty and attractive. She was afflicted with hip disease when a child, owing to a fall, and when twelve years old began to have nervous headaches, which her parents now fear may have led to her mental distraction. Another peculiar feature of the case which has not as yet been unravelled is Lizzie's reference in her letter to the fact that she was "in safe keeping and well-cared for." Neither of the girls, it is supposed, had much money. When in court, Lizzie, or "Helen," as she insists on being called, said that she had made a "private loan." The source of her income since she left home is as yet unexplained. An examination of the girl's mental condition was begun at Bellevue.

A REJECTED LOVER'S ACTION.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Arthur Schneider shot and fatally wounded Herman Heiss and Miss Katie Burkhart at a late hour one night recently, in the kitchen of Zeigler's restaurant, at New

with the intention of shooting Miss Arnold if she had refused to live with him.

Miss Arnold's right eye was badly bruised. She told the police that McIver had annoyed her almost every night during the past week as she left the theatre on her way home. He begged her to return to the home he had provided for her in New York, but she refused. She was determined to continue her profession.

A COLD BATH.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Residents of Frankfort, Ky., were startled at an early hour one recent morning by a band of white caps, out of whose operations developed a racy sensation, which has been the talk of the city. The white caps are said to have comprised some of the most prominent young men in town, and, with heavily masked faces, they made a raid on a well-known house on Nero street. The game they were after was a well-known young man of the town, who was supposed to be living with a questionable character in the house. The white caps had with them a section of hose, which they attached to an adjacent fire plug, and then made a noise to attract the inmates inside. The woman was located near the window, and a stream of water was thrown with terrific force upon her and her half nude companion. The woman was so badly frightened that she lost her senses and ran out of the house and up the street comparatively in a state of nature. The hose, however, pelted her for a considerable distance. Meantime the man, with his clothes in his arms, climbed over a high fence and beat a hasty retreat from the rear. The doors, windows and other parts of the house were shattered by the force of the stream of water.

LASHED BY AN ACTRESS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Eddy Redway, who plays Don Pedro Marguerite, one of the conspirators in "1492," was coddled in his dressing-room after the matinee at Indianapolis, Ind., by Miss Nellie Dowd Jackson, one of the "hurrah dudes" in the chorus. Miss Jackson is the understudy for Marie Halton, who plays the part of a cook in the royal household of Ferdinand and Isabella. Miss Halton's serious illness in St. Louis has brought Miss Jackson to the front, and after the night's performance she and a few friends were celebrating in their room in English's Hotel.

Redway was nervous, and he remonstrated with the girls because of the noise. Later, the girls say, he kicked and banged at the door of their apartment, threw a hair brush at Miss Jackson and insulted her.

Miss Jackson gave Redway twelve hours in which to apologize. He neglected to do so. She bought a whip, and after the matinee entered his room while he was removing his shirt, and lashed him.

He caught her, but she broke away and gave him several more cuts on the face before the property man rushed in and separated them.

PRETTY GAIETY GIRLS.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

An interesting trio of pretty women are pictured on our theatrical page. They are Grace Palotta, Marie Yorke and Blanche Massey, all attractive members of George Edwardes' "A Gaiety Girl" company. All of them are equally lovely and talented, so that it is almost impossible to discriminate.

AN APPRECIATIVE TONSORIALIST.

NATCHES, Miss., November 26, 1894.

MR. RICHARD K. FOX.—*Dear Sir:* I have received one of your portfolios of Stage Beauties and am well pleased with it. Will subscribe for another term in order to get the full set. I must say that they are very pretty and please my customers very much.

Respectfully, ANDREW CANCELLIERE.

The following letter was received at the "Police Gazette" office:

ST. JOHN, N. B., Dec. 8, 1894.

Great interest is manifested here over the coming fight between Johnny T. Griffin, of Braintree, Mass., and Eddy Conley, the champion of St. John. The contest is to be fought here, according to "Police Gazette" rules, for a purse of \$1,000. Griffin is in training and it is said a delegation of Boston sporting men will be here the day of the fight to back him. Conley has won several battles, and the general impression prevails that he will defeat Griffin.

Jerry Barnett called at the "Police Gazette" office with his backer and left the following:

NEW YORK, Dec. 8, 1894.

RICHARD K. FOX—Please announce that I will meet any featherweight, 120 or 122 pounds, to a finish or limited number of rounds. If the Olympic Club of New Orleans, La., will offer a purse, I will post a forfeit to guarantee my weight and appearance. I am keeping myself in good shape, would like to meet the Rosebud, of Philadelphia, or Starlight, the new colored featherweight, to a finish; thanking you for past favors.

JERRY BARNETT.

The following was received at the "Police Gazette" office:

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Dec. 8, 1894.

RICHARD K. FOX—In reply to the challenge issued by George Johnson, of England, to fight Jerry Marshall, of Australia, for a purse of £150, Marshall agrees to go to England and fight Johnson 10 rounds for the purse at 122 pounds, or he will fight 20 rounds or to a finish for a larger purse, but in any case he must receive £30 for expenses, and that amount forwarded to the Police Gazette before he leaves for England.

Marshall's reply was cabled to England.

MARION WILSON, of Vincennes, Ind., the colored champion boxer of the latter State, called at the Police Gazette office, with John Dougherty, his backer, and left the following:

NEW YORK, Dec. 8, 1894.

Seeing the challenges of Billy Ahearn to meet any boxers not champions at 133 pounds, for \$500 a side, I wish it made known through the Police Gazette that I will arrange a match to box Billy Ahearn at 133 pounds for \$300 or \$500 a side and the largest purse, the contest to be governed by "Police Gazette" rules and to take place in five or six weeks from signing articles. To show I mean business, \$100 has been posted by my backer, John Dougherty. I shall be ready to meet Ahearn and Messrs. James McCabe and James Ahearn any day they name to arrange a match. Should Ahearn not arrange a match I will arrange a match with George Reynolds upon the same terms.

MARION WILSON.

B
RACE UP.
Not with tonics, but by judicious exercise. All the leading Athletic Clubs endorse the "POLICE GAZETTE" BOXING GLOVES. We have them in three grades, Amateur, Exhibition and Champion. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.



SHE BROKE CROCKERY ON HIS ANATOMY.

promised her solemnly, as far as my ability, she would have me, and as that has proved impossible in my house, I will try to make it so, and keep it out of it.

"You know I have begun copying music for a start and hope something more advantageous in my capability will offer shortly. I am in safe keeping and cared for, and feel perfectly happy, with the exceptional pain of depending entirely on Kate's goodness and generosity for the present.

"We have a very pretty, sunny and cosy room, with nice people, in very fine locality. Kate will devote her time to writing, as she is too far above the capacity she has been obliged to occupy the last few years. Her personal refinement, education and force of character are too developed for inferior work, though work of any kind never harms any one, in my estimation.

"If I have grieved you, I beg your pardon. I should like to have kissed you before leaving, as it may be days, perhaps weeks, before I see you again. I kissed Charlie. If you would like to write to me address for the present to General Post Office. Do not be angry, as I am ever your affectionate daughter,

LIZZIE.

"Love to John, and tell him I will write to him shortly."

When the girls left the Lundborg residence, No. 233 West One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street, they went to live together in an attic room on Nineteenth street. Lizzie Lundborg adopted the name of "Helen," and was soon known in the house. She was arrested and taken home, but broke away several days after to go back to live with Kate Newell on Twenty-second street.

"While there she gave her name as Balcombe, and remained there only a week. It was said recently that Mrs. Lundborg, Lizzie's mother, became nearly distraught upon learning that Kate Newell, dressed in man's clothing, was parading around the streets with Lizzie Lundborg. Since moving into the Tenderloin

Orleans, La. Heiss and Miss Burkhart were employed in the restaurant for some time.

About two months ago Schneider was employed and immediately fell in love with the girl, but his attentions were not returned. He became so annoying to her that Heiss attempted to give her protection. A few nights ago, without any warning, Schneider entered the kitchen and fired at Miss Burkhart, who fell to the floor with a bullet in her cheek, and also shot Heiss twice in the head. Schneider was immediately captured and locked up. There is no hope for Heiss' recovery and very little for the girl.

SHE WEARS A HALTER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Minzie Chew, a female highway robber at the Columbus, O., penitentiary, has become so persistent in making the night hideous by screaming and using vile language, that the officials have tied her up to the wall with a leather halter in her mouth to compel her to be silent. She is serving a sentence of five years from Cleveland, O.

ATTACKED A CHORUS GIRL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Alice Arnold, a chorus girl of the London Sports Burlesque Company, was leaving the Germania Theatre, on Hudson street, Hoboken, N. J., about 11 o'clock one night, when a well-dressed young man accosted her and, without warning, struck her a powerful blow in the face with the butt end of a revolver. She fell to the sidewalk. The man started to run away when Miss Arnold recovered her senses. Her screams attracted the attention of Policeman Ryan, who gave chase and captured the man. At the station-house he gave his name as William McIver, of No. 431 West Thirty-third street, New York City. He said Miss Arnold formerly lived with him as his common-law wife.

He refused to say why he struck her. When searched a revolver containing seven filled chambers was found in his pockets. The police think he went to Hoboken



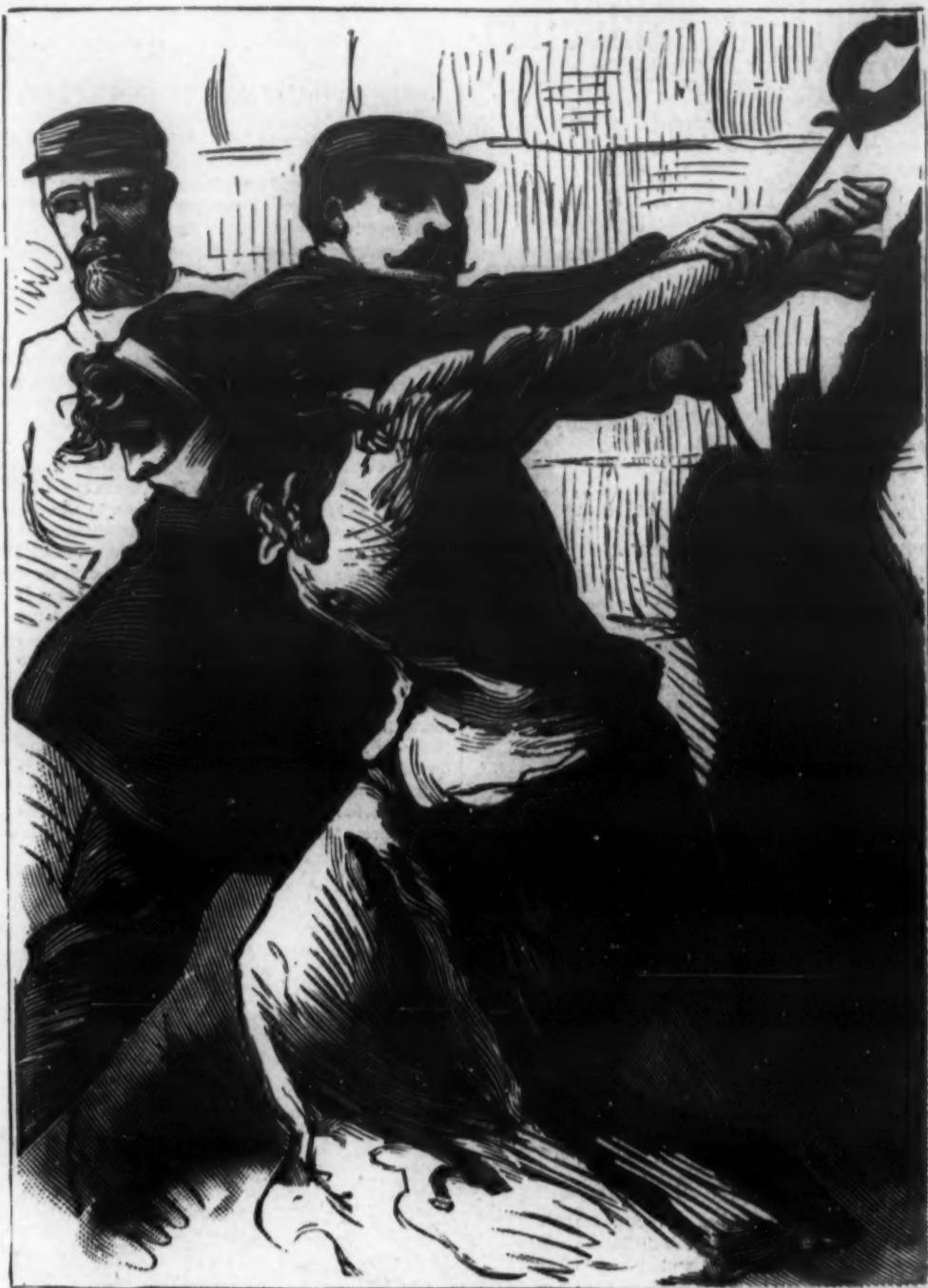
PRETTY GAIETY GIRLS.

A VERY ATTRACTIVE GROUP, COMPOSED OF GRACE PALOTTA, MARIE YORKE AND BLANCHE MASSEY.



ATTACKED A CHORUS GIRL.

ALICE ARNOLD, A PRETTY BURLESQUER, IS BRUTALLY KNOCKED DOWN BY A BLOW FROM A REVOLVER, AT HOBOKEN, N. J.



SHE WEARS A HALTER.

A FEMALE HIGHWAY ROBBER HAS TO BE GAGGED TO COMPEL HER TO REMAIN SILENT, AT THE COLUMBUS, O., PENITENTIARY.



LOVE WILL FIND THE WAY.

TO JOIN HER SWEETHEART, CORA HOUGH TAKES DESPERATE CHANCES, AT DOUBLE PIPE CREEK, MD.

A HOPELESS INFATUATION.

It Leads a Young Girl to a Prison Cell.

WAS A PRETTY GOVERNESS.

Curious Story of a Bright Woman's Love For a Twenty-year Old Boy.

SHE INVADED THE FAMILY HOME.

The hopeless infatuation of an intelligent and refined, if somewhat erratic, young woman for the young son of her employer has landed her in a cell, after causing an endless amount of worry and trouble to the young man and his family.

Discharged when the condition of affairs was discovered, the girl sent letter after letter to the object of her misplaced affections and to his parents, some breathing the most ardent affection, the others, it is said, containing threats of violence. She inserted advertisements in the newspapers in response to others she supposed were for her eyes only. Hour after hour she walked up and down the street before the house in which her adored one resided, and it was not until one night last week, when she forced her way into the house in a fruitless quest for the young man, that the family decided to cause her arrest.

So Detective Sergeant McCloskey arrested Pauline Mallet at her boarding house, No. 1,971 Third avenue, in New York City, and took her to the Yorkville Court, where Justice McMahon held her for examination on a charge of sending threatening letters to Solomon Stein, the head of the big woolen house, at No. 692 Broadway, and who resides at No. 18 West Seventy-second street. As the girl could not furnish bail, she was sent to the court prison, where she passed the night.

When Mr. Stein, who was on one of the committees which took charge of the Baron Hirsch fund, heard in May last that friends of his were about to dispense with the services of their governess, he told his wife, and the girl was engaged as a governess for their young daughter. Pauline, though not a pretty girl, was full of animation, spoke several languages fluently, and was an excellent musician. Born in Brooklyn, twenty-four years ago, her dark complexion and her conversation prove that she is of French origin. Other than the little girl there was only one of the children at home, the rest having married and settled down in homes of their own. That was Fred, a boy of twenty, who was with his father in business. Unnoticed by Fred or the others of the family, the impressionable Pauline soon conceived a deep affection for the young man. That he so far from giving her any encouragement was not even aware of the flame he had kindled his relatives and Pauline agree.

The family went to Stamford, Vt., for the summer and young Fred went daily to the woolen mills at North Adams, Mass., six miles away. Toward the end of August some dye got into his eye, and he was forced to stop work. After three days in the Paradise House, where the family was staying, it was decided that he should come to this city, that he might receive proper medical attendance. His father was here and they remained in the Seventy-second street house.

While at dinner the day following Fred's departure his married sister spoke of his departure in Pauline's presence. That night the lamp burned in the girl's room until very late. She had never betrayed her feelings to the boy, but with him gone she felt she must let him know. So she wrote a long letter, telling in the warmest tones of her love for him, and the next morning's mail train bore it to this city.

It never reached Fred, however, for his father opened it, and was stunned, so great was his amazement. Here is one of the passages:

"One night, as you sat at the table, I touched you. Oh, the ecstasy of that moment. Yet you never knew it."

Naturally, Mr. Stein spoke to his son, and, believing the boy when he said all this was news to him, he went to Stamford that night, paid Pauline her wages, and discharged her, after giving her a railroad ticket to this city. But in ridding himself of Pauline's presence, he was only inviting a worse annoyance.

Riding to this city, Pauline purchased a New York newspaper. She says she never before had read a personal advertisement, but something drew her eyes to that column. There she saw an advertisement which she at once concluded had been inserted by the absent Fred for her information. Then she replied to it, on reaching the city, and from that time until the present she has continued putting in these advertisements, and always finding one which she considered was an answer and firmly believed Fred was the author.

One of the first was the following:

"F.—False; everything; false infamous letter; must see you immediately; appoint time."

No reply coming to this she caused this to be published two days later.

"P. S.—See me at once. When pass you by? Where did you ask to see me? Am stunned. Know nothing about it. Who says I am happy? Don't refuse my last request before too late."

She was made happy some days afterward when she read this choice effusion, for she was sure Fred was home:

"FAITH.—Dearest, your promise to abide by my decision is enigmatical. Can you doubt its nature? Struggle as I may, my love for you, permeating my whole being, can be torn from me only if my heart is torn with it. My struggle fully equalled yours. I am vanquished. Now you are to decide. Has your heart spoken finally? Then let us henceforth abide by its decision, and I will repay you with a devotion lifelong and tender. Though apart, let us contrive

to be together nevertheless. Be courageous; find means of receiving letters; write often and unrestrained; I yearn for an enduring expression. Above all, remember two days' notice. Deem advisable change of heading; silent name and advise accordingly. Am yours as ever, with all the ardor and love of which my heart is capable."

HOPE.

She lost no time in making this answer through the same medium:

"DEAREST—Cannot grasp Faith. Either joy unspeakable or despair. Write at once."

And so it continued from day to day until she saw this, and then she was convinced that it was Fred, and that it was meant for her:

"HELENE FRENCH—Did you see personal and do you realize my purpose? Please see me."

PRED.

All this time there were hundreds of persons answering these advertisements, and in going to the places appointed for a meeting she had some very peculiar adventures. But, although she was not aware of it, Fred, after remaining ten days in his father's home, had gone to the Adirondacks and thence to the Yellowstone Park, where he remained until about two weeks ago.

Not content with these communications through the columns of a newspaper, she had sent two score or more of letters to the Steins, some to Fred, some to his father, and some to Mrs. Stein. She had come to the conclusion that some of the answers to her advertisements were part of a plot to entrap her, and she accused Mrs. Stein of doing this, and threatened that if such were the fact she would do something the consequences of which would be disastrous. Becoming tired of the annoyance, about three weeks ago Mr. Stein laid the matter before his lawyer, M. W. Platsek, who wrote to Pauline, telling her the letters must cease. They did for a time, and then the lawyer received a letter from the girl, saying she had sent another letter to Fred, and was ready to take the consequences. She had, meantime, been hired as governess by a family in Mount Morris avenue, only to be discharged because of the many telegrams and answers to advertisements she received.

"I was tricked," she said. "After I had gone to Mrs. Stein's house a detective came to me and said if I would go there again next night Fred would see me. I knew it was a trap and I didn't go. This morning the same detective came to my house and asked me to visit Lawyer Platsek, in Fifty-seventh street. I agreed, and the first thing I knew I was before the Justice, who, without asking me any questions, said, '\$500 bail; take her away.' Of course, I was excited. Who wouldn't be under such circumstances? You should see the creatures with whom I will have to spend the night unless some one comes to my relief."

She said she was convinced she had made a mistake; she loved Fred when she sent what she called "that fatal letter." He was noble and good, and had never given her any encouragement, but she felt he loved her. She believed he had inserted the answers to her advertisements, and now she knew she was mistaken. All she wanted was to get out of prison by forgiveness of Mr. and Mrs. Stein and then go away forever. She had telegraphed to a wealthy uncle in Newark to assist her, as her father and mother were dead, and her step-mother, who lived in Hoboken, did not like her.

"Did Fred ever write to you?" she was asked.

"Well, I will not incriminate the boy, and will say he did not, which answer is not true."

At Mr. Stein's residence it was stated that the girl was undoubtedly crazy, and that she would not have been arrested was it not feared she would injure some one of

They found Mrs. Shipman tightly clasped in her sister's arms, drowned, while Rosa herself was so exhausted that had her rescuers been a minute later she, too, would have drowned. It was by the hardest effort that Mrs. Shipman's body and her almost drowned sister were gotten into the skiff, after which they were conveyed to shore. The party had been to Louisville, Ky., where they attended a theatre, and decided to return home in a skiff simply for pleasure.

DANCED IN THE STREET.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A pretty brunette, arrayed in a stylish gown of silk, whose large brown eyes danced with merriment, gave a vivid representation of the skirt dance in a Harlem, N. Y., street, on a recent afternoon. Notwithstanding the performance continued for some time, and the additional fact that she blocked a Madison avenue and 125th street car, not a policeman hove in sight to interrupt the impromptu *pas seul*.

After exhausting herself by her strenuous efforts to elevate her toes to the street lamps, the young woman disappeared, amid the vociferous acclamations of several hundred persons, whose admiration she had absorbed.

The strange young woman strolled slowly through 125th street, the impersonation of feminine decorum, without even a suspicion of coquettishness. The modest maidens on their way to Sunday school appeared no more demure or conservative than the pretty brunette, in whose delicately formed ears glistened diamonds of great size.

Her dress was rich and fashionable, and a becoming hat with a tall feather surmounted her head.

Upon reaching the corner of Madison avenue she lowered her white hands to the folds of her dress, raised her skirts until she exposed gold embellished garters, and kicked high and often.

From high kicking she diverted to other forms of terpsichorean art, and soon collected a large crowd of men around her, who emitted encouraging exclamations of praise. Thrilled with the excitement and evidently stimulated by champagne, she danced her way out to the north-bound track of the Madison avenue line, where she renewed her high kicking with renewed vigor. Women who could occasionally be seen peering through the crowd, anxious to find out the cause of the gathering, turned away shocked. Others appeared at the neighboring windows and withdrew in horror.

A car approached, but the blonde was inflexible to the expostulations of the driver, who importuned her to move away. Finally the blonde moved aside and executed a sort of serpentine dance over to the cable tracks.

There, followed by her host of admirers, who surrounded her on all sides, she danced until a cable car came rolling down the street. The motorman rang the bell as a caution to the crowd to move away. Absorbed in the dancer, the crowd, with one or two exceptions, remained intact. The motorman yelled at the woman.

She then danced around to the side of the car and blocked the entrance so that people could not alight or board it. The dancing continued for a few minutes longer, and then, with a smiling "How did you like it?" the blonde ceased. Hastily adjusting her hat and disarranged dress, she ran west, disappearing into Mount Morris Park.

SHE FOILED THE TRAIN ROBBERS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A plan to hold up the east bound train on the Kansas and Arkansas Valley Road by the Cook gang was discovered and frustrated by the railroad officials. When the train reached a siding near Fort Gibson, I. T., it was flagged by a woman, who had run five miles to warn it of a hold-up, which had been planned. Twenty-five armed men had taken possession of a section house.

The wife of the section boss eluded the watchfulness of the gang and resolved to save the train. She ran to the next station and gave the alarm. Armed men were placed on board and the train pulled slowly by the section house where the bandits were concealed, but no attempt to hold up the train was made. The bandits discovered that their plans were known.

SHOT BY A MASKED INTRUDER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A masked man fatally shot William Wickwire, a farmer living near Climax, Mich., and also slightly wounded Miss Wickwire, his sister. He knocked at the door at 7 o'clock and pressed by Wickwire's son, who answered. He wore a long rubber coat and a pillow case over his head. Miss Wickwire jumped at the intruder, who fired, wounding her in the neck. When Wickwire came in, the murderer fired four shots at him, causing fatal hurts. Wickwire knocked the fellow down, and his sister tried to pull the mask off, but he struggled desperately and escaped. A neighbor is suspected of the crime.

STEVE O'DONNELL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Steve O'Donnell, whose portrait appears in this issue, is a well-known Australian pugilist, now engaged with James J. Corbett as boxing partner. O'Donnell is a pupil of Peter Jackson. He has fought several battles in Australia and he has fought twice in this country, defeating Jack Cattanach, of Providence, R. I., and fighting a draw with George Godfrey. O'Donnell is a clever and skillful boxer, and James J. Corbett believes he can defeat any man in the world. He is likely to be matched with Peter Maher.

JOHN DONALDSON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

John Donaldson, of Minneapolis, Minn., whose portrait appears in this issue, is one of James J. Corbett's stars. Donaldson is the first pugilist who fought John L. Sullivan. He is a clever boxer, has a host of friends and is wealthy. He was James J. Corbett's sparring partner last year, and he is still connected with the champion's great show. Donaldson is known from Maine to Oregon, and he has a widespread circle of friends and admirers.

THE DEVIL'S COMPACT.

T. No. 4 of Fox's Sensational Series, is having an enormous sale, and no wonder, as it is the liveliest novel of the day. One of Zola's best. Sent by mail to any address, securely wrapped, on receipt of 50 cents. RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.



SHE WROTE PASSIONATE LETTERS.

She was in desperate straits at this time, as far as money was concerned, but stopping one day to give a few of her last pennies to a poor man, she was spoken to by a lady, who afterward secured for her several pupils, whom she was to instruct in music. Then she caused this personal to be inserted in a newspaper:

A part of a letter which I, for honor's sake, exposed, and which you so unmercifully used as a weapon against me, will be stoned for, mark my words. Perhaps then you will feel one moment's regret.

When the Steins' servant answered a ring at the door bell, Pauline brushed past her, and exclaiming, "There's a man in the house I want to see," ran up stairs. The servants had been warned not to admit her, for on several occasions she had been observed walking up and down the sidewalk.

She was confronted by Mr. and Mrs. Stein and an exciting time occurred. The girl, Mrs. Stein says, cried and stormed by turns, and vowed she would not leave the house until she saw Fred. But she didn't see him, and Mrs. Stein herself escorted her down stairs and put her out of the house. Then detective McCloskey was called in, the letters were shown to him and he secured a warrant for the girl's arrest.

When asked by Justice McMahon if any one was implicated with her in the sending of the letters, she exclaimed:

"Oh, I would die sooner than incriminate Freddie!" On being informed that she must go to prison she fell back into the detective's arms, with a shriek, saying she would not go to a cell, and it was necessary to carry her, screaming and struggling, down stairs. When seen afterward she exhibited little of the delusions to which every one connected with the matter said she was the victim.

THE FATE OF A LIBERTINE.

By Emile Zola, the author of "Nana." No. 2 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES, with 98 original and quaint illustrations. Sent by mail, securely wrapped, to any address, on receipt of price, 50 cents. Address RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

The Ferryboat Hite, while making the dock on the 6 o'clock run from Louisville to Jeffersonville, Ind., on reaching the middle span of the Louisville and Jeffersonville Bridge ran head on into a skiff containing Mrs. Emma Shipman, aged 21, her sister, Miss Rosa Leutheil, aged 14, and her brother William, 12 years old. Their skiff was badly wrecked and the occupants precipitated into the river. William swam to one of the bridge piers, where he took refuge on its base and later was rescued by Colonel Henley, stern line catcher on the Hite. Mrs. Shipman and Rosa clung to each other until they caught hold of a fragment of the skiff and cried lustily for help from shore. Frank and Dennis Hicks, hearing their screams, procured a skiff and went to their rescue.

FOR THE SAKE OF ART.

Women of the Metropolis Who Earn Their Bread by Posing.

JEALOUSY AMONG MODELS.

Strange to Say, They Hate to Pose for Women, but Not for Men.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

The model's profession is difficult and most thankless. There is no glory in it, no advancement, and very little money. The six-months-old baby who lies curled up on a fur-covered divan to be modeled or painted earns the same wages as its white-haired grandmother who poses on one leg for hours at a time.

It takes an artist to understand the model as she really is. To the world she is a person who must not be spoken of above a whisper. That she works harder, and for less wages than a day laborer, risks her life by posing in a poorly heated studio where her muscles become cramped, often causing her to faint from exhaustion and pain, and that she is as indispensable to the artist and art student as water to a fish, all this counts for nothing.

She poses nude, and the reputation of her profession is blasted.

To say that all models are moral women would be as absurd as to make the same accusation against the women of any other profession. But, taking them as a body, it is safe to say that models, as a rule, lead good, regular lives. The profession demands it. Even though they were wickedly inclined, few women are strong enough to pose from three to five hours a day and dissipate at their leisure. To do good work a model is bound to keep herself in good health and spirits. The men who employ them are, as a rule, serious and ambitious, and they are not willing to ruin either their reputation or their work by allowing women of questionable behavior in their studios.

In criticizing women who pose, people usually forget that the model often inspires the beautiful and divine, which the artist conveys to the canvas and the public raves over. No better instance of this can be had than the portrait exhibition at the Academy of Design which has attracted so much attention in New York city. About one-fifth of the portraits were of women who earn their bread and butter by posing. In the whole exhibition there was no picture more widely spoken of nor reproduced as often as the full-sized portrait of Mrs. Minnie Clark. The picture was not catalogued by her name; it was just marked "A Portrait."

Mrs. Clark is a professional model. She has for several years posed as the typical American girl, and is acknowledged by artists to be the queen of head models in this country. She is a young Irish woman, about twenty-eight years of age, tall, dark, slender, graceful and a widow. Strange to say, she is not beautiful. Artists claim that her main charm lies in the wonderful structure of her exquisitely modeled face, which they say suggests more beauty than any beautiful face ever possessed. In speaking of Mrs. Clark, Mr. Wm. M. Chase, the artist, said:

"I am not prepared to say that Mrs. Clark is the most beautiful woman I have ever painted, but I think I can safely say that she suggests a beauty which I seldom find in other faces. Her coloring is not as wonderful as that of many other models who pose for me, but there is something very suggestive about the lines of her face and the way her hair grows about her forehead. Of course, I never paint her literally, but always idealize her most imperfect features."

When New York artists were preparing their work for the World's Fair competition Mrs. Clark was in greater demand than any other model. When it came to finishing pictures and pieces of statuary artists found themselves at a loss for good head models. There were hundreds of women with good features ready and willing to pose for what Truly calls "the altogether," but the difficulty was to get good faces, faces that would be thought beautiful 500 years from now.

Mrs. Clark always refused to pose for the figure, and the consequence was that the artist had other women pose for different portions of the body, and then had Mrs. Clark sit for the head. This made her very unpopular with the other models. When a woman is willing to pose for her figure she is usually proud of it, and does not like to see another woman's head placed on her shoulders. She feels like one who has written a book and finds another's name signed to it.

Among the most lasting pieces of work that Minnie Clark has posed for is the statue of the "Republic" that went to Chicago which now stands on the border of the lake, surveying the ruins of the White City. Another statue, the head of which Mrs. Clark posed for, is that of Daniel French's figure of "Death." It is through these works that her beauty will live.

Mrs. Clark is perhaps best known to the public through C. D. Gibson's illustrations in the periodicals. For years she has played the principal parts in his salons of beautiful women. She is usually portrayed as just accepting or just rejecting a lover.

When Mr. Gibson went abroad a year ago Mrs. Clark followed him and posed for him in his Paris studio. She returned to America soon after he did, but, unfortunately for American artists, a Frenchman, who appreciated her value, had engaged her to return to France. She is to sail in a couple of weeks and remain abroad a year. The artists blamed Mr. Gibson for their loss, and he consoles himself by drawing a little French woman,

with hair-covered ears. This model is a pretty girl, but Mr. Gibson has not yet been able to get any one to propose to her, even in a joke.

Perhaps, in consequence of the mystery which fiction has woven about them, it is the women that pose for the figure who most interest the public. In this city at the present day there are about a dozen female models, who are almost perfect in figure, according to the standard of the old Greek school.

Miss Lillie Daly, though petite in stature, is one of the best known models in the city. She and Miss Antoinette Wildy share the honor of having posed for the golden Diana who spins around by day and night on the top of the Madison Square Garden tower. She is about 21 years old and has black hair and black eyes. She is known to nearly every artist and art student in the city. Diana's back is a mechanical enlargement of Miss Daly's.

Miss Daly is a very interesting woman, but does not like to talk about her profession. She is not ashamed of it, for she enjoys posing for artists, because they understand her. At present she poses for classes at the League and the Academy, but she only does it for lack of sufficient private engagements. When asked why she objected to posing for a class, Miss Daly replied:

"For the same reason that I object to posing for women. I am misunderstood and, therefore, misjudged. Women and young students never take a model seriously. They always look upon her as being frivolous, and no matter how hard she works they always think

much easier to pose for one who admires you than for one who is jealous of you."

One of the most famous figure models now posing is Miss Arabella Gould. She is a brunette, with large brown eyes and glossy black hair. When not posing she usually wears striking costumes and a dashy air. She has given much of her time lately to posing for a set of nude photographs, which are being prepared for a book on living pictures. One of her prettiest poses is called "Meditation."

Another favorite model is known to the artists as "Miss King." What her real name is no one knows. She poses as naturally as she walks, and both her face and figure are familiar to the frequenters of art galleries. One of her most graceful poses is portrayed among a series of Sarony's snap shots of living pictures. From this photograph Mr. Sarony painted a life-sized picture, which he called "Light." Another of Miss King's successful poses is known as "A Tragic Muse."

Miss Brady, like Truly, is famous for her beautiful feet. She has many other charms, such as a pair of black eyes, a Grecian nose, and a well-modeled chin. Her limbs are supple, white and round, and her head is crowned with beautiful, golden-brown hair.

With Miss Veder, a laughing, brown-eyed model, it is safe to say that "Her face is her fortune." Occasionally she poses for the figure, but as her wealth of red hair hides most of it, it can hardly be said that she poses nude.

The nameless Kit-Kat Club model is a beautiful Ger-

man contact with what is going on in the art world, and, as she hopes some day to become an art student, she wishes to keep in touch with artists. She is a very emotional girl, and one of her chief charms lies in the fact that she can laugh or cry almost at will. A sharp word from the artist will bring a flood of tears streaming down her pretty cheeks as quickly as a kind one will bring the smiles to her bow-shaped lips.

One of the oldest models in the city is Mrs. Mary Engelhard. She is nearly 65 years old and usually plays the part of the mother or the chaperon for the illustrators. It is most difficult to get a good model of that age. If a woman has been posing all her life she is usually too much worn out to be a successful model at Mrs. Engelhard's age, and most women who live to that age without having posed would hardly be apt to enter the profession.

The most pathetic thing in the profession is the child model. In the New York studios there is a little girl not more than 12 years old who has been posing nude for the last two years. She is a perfect little Truly, having been set afloat in the profession by a drunken mother, who neither respected the child nor her good impulses. The little thing is brought to the studio by her unnatural parent, and her perfect figure always gains admittance for her. So ashamed and spiritless is the tot when she has been placed on the model throne that artists find it is almost useless to attempt to draw her in an upright position. So little May, as she is known, is allowed to lie on a big fur rug. It is in this position that she is usually portrayed on canvas. Sometimes grief and shame completely overcome the child and she buries her face in the rug.

Another of her favorite positions is to lie on one side, with her body slightly curled, and her pretty round arms thrown down carelessly across her tear-stained face.

Society women like to pose. To find sketches of themselves in the comic papers is as pleasurable an occurrence to them as to find their names in the newspapers. Since the craze for living pictures has swept the country artists have found it difficult to obtain good women models. This new field of work has made the models very independent. They argue that it is not profitable for them to pose in a studio at the rate of \$1 an hour for three hours when they can get \$15 a week for appearing before the footlights a few seconds each evening. Most of the women who pose for living pictures are models in the art schools. The better class of models severely criticize those who perform as living pictures. They claim that though it is entirely proper for women to pose for people who understand them and their profession, it is very immodest to go before the footlights and subject themselves to the criticism of an audience of whom very few appreciate their artistic value.

LOVE WILL FIND THE WAY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Pretty Cora Hough, of Double-Pipe Creek, Carroll county, Md., took desperate chances to join her sweetheart, Jesse W. Kolb, and elope with him. Miss Hough is the daughter of Samuel Hough, and Mr. Kolb is the son of Elder Thomas J. Kolb, of the German Baptist Church of the town. The father of the bride was opposed to the match, and when young Kolb called in a carriage to take her to the altar her parents ordered him away and used violent means to enforce the order. The driver of the team, becoming frightened, started the horses, and for a moment it looked as if the lovers were separated. But the girl was equal to the emergency. She bounded out of the door past the old folks without a hat or a wrap. As the horses started off she ran, made a flying leap into the open doorway of the carriage, and the strong arm of her lover barely saved her from being thrown under the wheels. They drove as fast as the horses could speed to a minister in a neighboring town, who tied the knot. The bride was furnished a wrap and head covering, and the couple hastened to the railway station. At a late hour they passed through Baltimore on their way to Philadelphia.

KNOCKED OUT BY A WOMAN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A tall young man, dressed in a dark suit, attempted to rob Miss Ida Goodacre, of Thirty-eighth street and Fairmount avenue, in Philadelphia, Pa., while she was out walking near her home.

The would-be thief, however, received a knock-out blow from Miss Goodacre, which sent him sprawling in the mud. Miss Goodacre was suddenly grasped by the pocket-book snatcher, but she soon recovered from her surprise and displayed her wonderful nerve and an abundance of strength by not only holding on to the pocketbook, but freeing herself from her assailant.

Once free from the grasp of the man she stepped aside and administered a blow which made her assailant reel and fall in the gutter.

Those who saw Miss Goodacre's knockout considered it worthy of applause, but the pocket-book snatcher escaped. He gathered himself quickly to his feet, grasped his hat and, without glancing around, made for an alley close by and disappeared.

Miss Goodacre stood on the sidewalk very little the worse of the tussle and ready to administer another blow if necessary.

JOHN J. MCVAY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of John J. McVay, the well-known wrestler and trainer, who has assisted James J. Corbett, the champion pugilist, in preparing for his battles with John L. Sullivan and Charley Mitchell. McVay is a powerful athlete who possesses great strength and is very popular in sporting circles. Corbett thinks he would make a great football player.

W. BLAKE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

W. Blake is one of the cleverest lightweight jockeys on the American turf. He is a daring rider and a good "finisher." He is never idle and his services are generally sought by the best stables. A good likeness of Blake appears elsewhere.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

No. 8 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. Abounding in thrilling situations, and illustrated by 59 elegant pictures. Sent by mail, securely wrapped, on receipt of price, 50 cents, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.



A PROFESSIONAL MODEL.

she does it for amusement. Besides that, they are absolutely regardless of one's feelings. As an instance of this, a short time ago I was posing for the life class at one of the schools. Quite a lot of girls were painting me, and one of them, who had finished her work before I had left the stand, leaned over to see her comrade's painting. After she had taken a good look at it, she remarked: 'Why that looks like your sister!' Her friend took this as an insult, and, throwing her work upon the desk, went out of the room, saying that she wasn't used to have members of her family compared with models.

"No," Miss Daly continued, "there is nothing that I hate more than posing undraped before women. The minute I come out of the dressing room their eyes seem to say: 'How can you? Don't you feel dreadfully ashamed?' Now with a man it is entirely different. His first thought usually is, 'How beautiful!' It is

man girl, who has always refused to give her name. She usually poses draped, or in peasant costume.

A French model, with Titian red hair, who gives her name as Mme. Benoni, has been posing in New York studios for nearly four years. Who she is nobody knows. According to her own statement she is an actress, and many artists like her for that reason. They say she has a grace that comes from studied posing. She is a very stately woman, with a dignified bearing. She invariably refuses to talk about herself. She refuses to pose for less than \$2 a sitting, but does not mind how difficult the pose is.

Miss Fanny Decker is a beautiful girl and not at all ashamed of her profession. She says that it is a very hard one to master, and that it is only by the greatest difficulty that one can become used to it. She speaks highly of the artists, but admits that they are sometimes inconsiderate and overtax their models when they become interested in their work.

Miss Anita Bonchire is of French extraction, and is a first-class model. She loves her profession on account of the pretty gowns the artists let her pose in. She says that, as an artist's model, she is thrown more or less in



LASHED BY AN ACTRESS.

MISS NELLIE DOWD JACKSON COWHIDES A MEMBER OF THE "1492" COMPANY, AT INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



A REJECTED LOVER'S ACTION.

HE COOLLY SHOOTS A GIRL AND A MAN WHO OFFERED HER PROTECTION, AT NEW ORLEANS, LA.



KNOCKED OUT BY A WOMAN.

A POCKET-BOOK SNATCHER IS VERY NEATLY DISPATCHED BY A PRETTY GIRL, OF PHILADELPHIA, PA.



SHE FOILED THE TRAIN ROBBERS.

A PLUCKY WOMAN WARNS THE RAILWAY OFFICIALS AGAINST COOK'S GANG, NEAR FORT GIBSON, I. T.

IN THE PUGILISTIC WORLD.

The Manly Art Booming All Over the Country.

FITZ POSTS ANOTHER DEPOSIT

Pay and Lyons Have a Slashing Set-to---
Quinn Takes Down Maher's Forfeit.

LATE NEWS OF THE SQUARED CIRCLE.

The second deposit of \$2,500 a side has been posted by Bob Fitzsimmons for his match with Jim Corbett.

Harry Finnich, the Arkansas Kid, was bested by Jimmy Murphy in a ten-round go at Duluth, Minn., last week.

Joe Scherer, the Louisville lightweight, writes that he would like to make a match with Kid McGarr at 120 pounds.

Jack McAuliffe still carries his injured arm, which he received in his battle with Owen Ziegler, at Coney Island, in a sling.

Low Frank, of Chicago, Ill., and Duke Laanon, of Boston, are matched to spar 4 rounds for points, at Riverside, for \$50 a side, at 125 pounds.

At Lima, O., Dan Bayliff and Ed Blakes have signed articles for a finish fight for \$350 a side and the largest purse offered by any club in the State.

At Duluth, Minn., on Nov. 26, Joe Sheehey knocked out Jack Currie, a heavyweight of Duluth, in 4 rounds, at the Park Theatre, before 300 spectators.

James Ahearn writes that Mike Leonard, or any 133 pound man, can have an opportunity to meet Billy Ahearn in the boxing tournament in the New York Athletic Club.

Bobby Dobbs, the colored lightweight from Minneapolis, is not at all over-rated. He disposed of Billy Vernon in short order. What he would do with Leeds, Ziegler or Walcott remains to be seen.

Mysterious Billy Smith is in Racine, Wis. He has an offer of \$1,500 from the Atlantic Athletic Club to meet Joe Walcott at the January meeting. Smith replied that he would meet him at 140 pounds.

Billy Tucker of Newark, and Billy Glynn of Wilmington, Del., recently signed articles to fight at 111 pounds for a purse of \$500. The fight is to take place in the Eureka Athletic Club, Washington, D. C., Dec. 20.

Bob Fitzsimmons has a new sparring partner. He is Charles Farrell, a young Boston boxer, twenty-six years of age, 6 feet in height, weighing 168 pounds, and built on much the same pattern as the Australian himself.

A match between Steve O'Donnell, the Corkonian, and Peter Maher, the Dublin Jacken, would be a grand one. O'Donnell is the cleverer boxer, but Maher is the harder hitter. He has a half-arm jolt that is very sudorific in its effects.

The Star Athletic Club of Ravenswood, L. I., will hold a boxing tournament at Ravenswood Hall on December 15 and 17. The classes open to all amateurs are as follows: Featherweight, 118 pounds; special weight, 128 pounds; welterweight, 140 pounds.

Joe Bertrand, the California bantam, met and soundly thrashed Sid Thompson, an African, who must have weighed 150 pounds, in Chicago, Dec. 5. Bertrand dislocated a bone in his right wrist in the fourth round, but kept at work and fairly massacred his opponent.

At Calumet, Mich., on Dec. 3, Frank Black and Champ Keboe fought for the middleweight championship of Michigan. Black knocked Keboe down in the first round, and in the second knocked him senseless, breaking his jaw. The fight was awarded to Keboe on a foul.

At Jacksonville, Fla., on Dec. 5, the city council repealed the ordinance licensing prize fighting, which was passed last winter, just before the Corbett-Mitchell mill. Circular Joe Vendig said the council's action amounted to nothing and that Corbett and Fitzsimmons would surely fight in Jacksonville.

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Frank Craig, the Harlem Coffee Cooler, recently boxed in England with the champion amateur middleweight. Denny Butler had the cooler dressed like Othello, and when he came on the stage he was hissed and gayed. He received such an unbecoming reception that the *Sporting Life* stated the treatment Craig received was unfair to a stranger, even if he was dressed in a Moorish costume.

W. B. Causon, Pensacola, Fla., writes that he will match Dennis Gallagher to fight Billy Plummer, Charley Kelly or any boxer in America at 114 pounds for \$500 or \$1,000 a side and the largest purse. Gallagher is the pugilist who recently defeated Paddy Smith (Denver Smith's brother) in six rounds. Causon agrees to put up \$250 forfeit any time Plummer, Kelly or any 114-pound man is willing to fight.

Paddy Purcell, the Saginaw Kid, and Billy Mahan, of San Francisco, welterweights, fought at the Central Theatre, Denver, on Dec. 6, for a purse of \$500. Pat Masterson refereed the match. In the third round the Saginaw Kid broke a bone in his right wrist. He continued pluckily, however, against those odds until the twenty-first round, when he gave up the battle. There was no loser's end to the purse.

At the Portland, Me., Athletic Club recently, there was a match between Portland and Boston men. There were three-round bouts between Lee and Davis, both of Portland; Kearns of Portland and Mack of Boston; Lee of Portland and Leahy of Boston; Dixie and Wiley, both of Portland, and Leahy and Mack, both of Boston. Some good sparring was seen, especially in the last bout, between the two Boston men.

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The Fair Play Athletic Club, of Cincinnati, has secured Billy Wallace, the promising light-weight pugilist, for a 10-round glove contest with Jimmy Murray, of Louisville. Articles of agreement were forwarded to Al Marriott, Wallace's manager, and he telegraphed his acceptance at once and also stated that Wallace would start training immediately. The articles of agreement call for a Monday night, December 17.

Frank Brierly, the featherweight boxer who arrived from Ireland recently, was tried out by Jim Ashe, the colored boxer, at Boston. The bout consisted of three rounds of two minutes each, and the showing that the Irish lad made impressed the sports very favorably. He shaped up well, is very good on his feet and has many tricks for avoiding blows. His right is his better hand, and he can get it across in good style. His blows with the left are light, and of the chopping order.

Thomas McBride called at the "Police Gazette" office on Dec. 7, and issued a challenge to match an unknown to box Louis O. Schlesser, the lightweight champion of the annexed district, at 135 pounds according to "Police Gazette" rules for \$300 a side and a purse. McBride will meet Prof. Kohler, Schlesser's manager, at the Police Gazette office any day named to sign articles. McBride's unknown is an ex-amateur lightweight of Philadelphia. McBride has posted a forfeit of \$100.

Horace M. Leeds claims the lightweight championship, and says he is ready to fight any man in America at 135 pounds for the title and \$2,500. Jack McAuliffe objects and says Leeds must defeat him before he can hold the championship. Last summer Leeds posted \$500 to fight McAuliffe for \$3,000 a side and the lightweight championship, but McAuliffe refused to accept the challenge, whereby he forfeited his claim to the title, just as John E. Sullivan did in 1887, when he refused to fight Jake Kilrain.

Billy Plummer defeated Charley Kelly for a \$2,200 purse in a clever off-hand manner. From the time the rival boxers put up their hands it was any odds on Plummer, and the contest reminded one of an amateur champion meeting a professional champion. Many thought Kelly did not fight up to form, but he did; but he was in front of probably the greatest fighter at 112 pounds there is in the world. Kelly showed indomitable pluck, but he did not have a 20 to 1 chance. There are plenty of 112-pound boxers Kelly can defeat, but he is no match for Plummer, who is a wonder at his weight.

At Philadelphia, on December 3, the four-round boxing bout between Charles McCarthy, lightweight champion of Pennsylvania, and Charles McKeever, a clever local boxer, took place at the Southwark Athletic Club. McCarthy has the best of the second round, his peculiar style of boxing evidently bothering McKeever. In the third round McKeever did most of the leading, and landed a number of good blows and had McCarthy on the run. The fourth was very lively. McKeever having a shade the best of it. The general opinion was that McKeever should have received the decision but the referee declared the contest a draw.

Over 300 sporting men gathered in Spangler's Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Dec. 8, to witness a series of four special glove bouts between well-known local fighters. The exhibition was under the direction of the Merritt A. C. There were to be four special bouts. Just as the show was about to start a squad of policemen from the Sixth precinct, headed by Capt. Ennis, walked into the room and asked to see the permit. The officers of the club admitted that they had failed to secure that necessary document. The police then ordered the hall cleared and the ring taken down. This was done and the ticket money promptly refunded.

Billy Whistler made a good showing with Billy Plummer, at Philadelphia, recently, but it was evident that the bananaweight champion had his hands tied, and was under some sort of agreement not to knock the local man out, as he only boxed with about half his usual speed and generally managed to keep his right hand back when tempted to send it across Whistler's jaw. He was not so sparing of his left, however, and kept it busy jabbing Whistler's nose, and had that organ bleeding all through the bout. A couple of times when Whistler turned his back awkwardly to Plummer the latter could have used him pretty roughly, but the little Englishman only stood by and smiled.

At Omaha, recently, there was a prize fight between Wilding (180 pounds), of Baltimore, and Jack Davies (167 pounds), of Omaha. The contest was for a purse of \$500, winner taking purse and entire gate receipts. The affair lasted 3 rounds, and was won by Davies by a fierce blow over the heart. Wilding was unconscious for 5 minutes. A large crowd witnessed the encounter, and some business men were so pleased with the result and with Davies' work that they are ready to back him for large amounts against any prize fighter in the country barring Corbett and Jackson. Davies met Choyinski and John Woods at San Francisco some time ago. His work was pronounced by experts to be superb.

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trains and were soon in conference with the city police. The backers of the pugilists were greatly alarmed at the aspect the affair was taking, and after a hurried meeting the fight was declared off, and Corney and Garrity were sent west on a late passenger train, unknown to the police, who hung around the eastern limits of Alliance all night.

Peter Maher's backer, John Quinn, of Pittsburgh, has taken down the \$1,000 forfeit he posted to match the Irish champion against O'Donnell or Fitzsimmons. He did not like the idea of tying Maher for a year in order to meet O'Donnell, and Fitzsimmons would not meet Maher in a limited bout at present. Quinn will meet Corbett or O'Donnell on the road in a couple of weeks, and he hopes to make some arrangements with them so that Peter and Steve will come together before a year. If he cannot make them change their plans, and there is no prospect of Peter getting a match before then, Quinn will agree to have Maher meet O'Donnell about the time that Corbett and Fitz box. In case no club will give them a purse Quinn will ask to have the bout decided in private for \$5,000 a side. Quinn would like to have Maher box some one before long, and Peter himself is anxious for a contest. They have heard nothing definite from England in regard to the match with Peter Jackson at the National Club, but Quinn is inclined to believe that the club will make the match. Joe Chojinski expresses a willingness to meet Maher for a stake and purse, and Chojinski intends to go to England after a match if he does not get one here. It ought to be an easy matter in that case to match Chojinski and the Irish champion.

Mike Fay, of Williamsburgh, and Eddie Lyons, of Brooklyn, fought on Dec. 8 for a purse of \$500, under the Marquis of Queensbury rules, with skin-tight gloves, near Laurel Hill, Long Island. The first and second rounds were tame, the men seeking to draw each other out. The third round was opened by Fay with a swinging right-hander, which landed on Lyons' nose. The blood flowed in a stream. First blood was claimed and allowed for Fay. In the fourth round Fay again led his right, but got a hot swinging blow on the jaw, which sent him to the floor. Lyons followed up his advantage; when the round closed Lyons had succeeded in nearly closing Fay's right eye. The fifth round was all in favor of Fay, who knocked Lyons down three times. The sixth round was a vicious one. Fay led his right for Lyons' nose, but missed. He, however, succeeded in getting a good left on the latter's jugular. A clinch followed, and the men had to be separated by the referee. The eighth round was opened by Lyons, who put in his right in Fay's mouth, splitting it nearly two inches. It was then give and take. Fay had the advantage from this point, and in the tenth round the referee stopped the fight and gave the decision to Fay. A purse of \$25 was taken up and presented to Lyons for his gameness.

Stanton Abbott was the stellar attraction at the Southwark Athletic Club, Philadelphia, recently, and his opponent was to have been "Bull" McCarthy; owing to the injury received in his bout with Charles McKeever, Jack Hanley had to be substituted. The bout lost nothing by the change, however, for Hanley put up a good argument, and despite the fact that he was clearly out-classed, Abbott knew he had been boxing. Hanley was the aggressor most of the time, but straight lefts and good rights on the ribs were what he received for his pains. He did not get all the punishment, however, for he often landed, and in three or four instances, good ones. Abbott was as deliberate as ever, his coolness being the wonder of all who saw him for the first time. Billy Whistler and Frank Farley gave a good exhibition, the former going to the first named. He showed by far the best work, keeping his opponent on the run during the entire four rounds. The Rosebud had for his antagonist Tom Levy. Of course the Bud won, but the showing of Levy was simply ridiculous. He has not mastered the rudiments of the art and his actions caused much merriment. Frequent visitations with the left by the Bud soon closed Levy's eyes and in mercy the referee, Jimmy McNamee, sent the men from the ring. Besides these bouts there were several other interesting bouts between local men.

"POLICE GAZETTE" SPECIAL CABLES.

The following special cables were received at the POLICE GAZETTE offices during the week:

LONDON, Dec. 5, 1894.

RICHARD K. FOX.—A single scull race was arranged to-day between Wag Harding and Thomas Sullivan to row over the Tyne championship course for £400 and the sculling championship of England. The race is to be rowed on February 11. Should Harding win he will go to America to row Gaudaur, the American champion, for £200 a side, the "Police Gazette" championship cup and the championship of the world.

A glove fight was arranged to-day between Jack Fitzpatrick, the featherweight champion of Canada, and Harry Spurdon to fight for £200 a side and a purse of £100. The fight is to take place Feb. 6 in the Balmoral Club.

Arthur Valentine has issued a challenge to fight Stanton Abbott or any 9-stone 12-pound boxer in America for £200 a side, largest purse, in England or America.

George Corfield agrees to go to America to fight Billy Plummer at 7 stone 12 pounds, if any club will offer £500 purse and Plummer's backer will wager £200.

LONDON, Dec. 6, 1894.

Cornell College Athletic Council has notified the stewards of the Royal Henley Regatta, that they will send an eight-oared crew from America to row for the Grand Challenge Cup and the Thames Challenge Cup at the Henley Regatta, and that the college is eager to meet the best crews of Oxford and Cambridge.

Ted Pritchard and Dick Burge have been again matched to fight for £1,000. The fight is to take place in February and will be decided in the National Sporting Club providing the management put up a purse of £500. Should the club refuse that amount the fight will take place elsewhere.

LONDON, Dec. 8, 1894.

A representative of the POLICE GAZETTE to-day had an interview with the secretary of the Marylebone Cricket Club, in which the latter said the club would welcome a visit from a Canadian team and would arrange for a match with them, the entire gate receipts to be taken by the winning club.

The yacht to be built for Lord Dunraven for the purpose of competing for the America's Cup will probably combine the good points of the Vigilant and Britannia. She will be a keel, not a centre-board, and will have more beam and a lower floor than the Britannia has.

Lord Dunraven will shortly bring an action against Mr. A. D. Clarke, owner of the *Sanatan*, for damages for the sinking of the *Valkyrie* last summer.

LONDON, Dec. 10, 1894.

RICHARD K. FOX.—The Balmoral Athletic Club will give a £100 purse for Billy Vernon and Harry Nickless to fight at 10 stone, and allow Vernon expenses to come to England.

George Smith, the pugilist who was fatally injured in a glove fight with

GAUDAUR TO HARDING.

He is Anxious to Row the English Champion.

WORK OF FOOTBALL TEAMS.

The Remarkable Improvement in the Play of Expert Billiardists.

OTHER INTERESTING SPORTING NEWS.

Charley Littlefield, Jr.'s., stable won \$30,175 last season. Jimmy McLaughlin is going to take his racing stable to San Francisco.

The Louisiana Jockey Club intend to ignore all horse owners and trainers who have run on outlawed tracks.

The champion trotting filly of the season is Impetuous. She won a race in two straight heats in 2:15½, 2:15¾.

Lord Dwarven has definitely decided to challenge for the America Cup, and the cartel will soon be on its way across the Atlantic.

Dubois, the French bicycle rider, recently beat all records in Paris from 51 to 100 miles. He rode the 100 miles in 2 hours, 30 minutes, 35½ seconds.

The danger to life and limb in playing football is twenty times greater than in any prize fight that could take place fairly under Queenberry rules.

Prof Otto Kohler is going to Cincinnati to wrestle Charles Wittmer, the Ohio champion, best two in three falls, Greco-Roman style, for a purse of \$1,000.

Wm. D. Hanson, of Portland, Oregon, defeated A. C. Anson, captain of the Chicago Ball Club, in a two night billiard match recently, 14-inch balk-line game, 600 points, for \$150 a side. Anson made 427.

Thomas Kelly, of Brooklyn, has issued a challenge to fight a main of coots, to show 15 and fight all that weigh in from 4 pounds 8 ounces to 6 pounds 2 ounces, for \$25 each battle and \$250 a side, the odd fight to govern.

At Stillwater, Minn., on Nov. 29, J. E. Andrews, champion long distance skater of Washington County, broke the world's record on Lake St. Croix for a long jump on skates, by jumping 18 feet. Five hundred persons witnessed the feat.

Charley Genslinger, late of New Orleans, is as busy as a nailer nowadays getting "the New Manhattan" Athletic Club ready in this city for its opening on the 15th inst. He is already a member of 2,000, and he expects to have 10,000 in the course of a year.

Ildore Heybroeck, of Liege, Belgium, the champion wrestler of the latter place, has arrived in England and challenged any man in England, Ireland or Scotland, to meet him. Ernest Roeder, the American champion, sent word to Heybroeck before he left for England, that he would give him 500 marks if he failed to throw him twice in 40 minutes.

A letter was received at the "Police Gazette" office last week from Jake Gaudaur, the American oarsman, in reply to the offer of Wag Harding, the English champion, to come to America and row Gaudaur for £200 a side and "Police Gazette" championship cup, if allowed expenses. Gaudaur states he will allow the English champion \$400 for expenses and arrange a match for \$1,500 a side.

J. M. Raport, who left the "Police Gazette" office, New York, on May 10 last on a wager of \$5,000 that he would reach San Francisco on or before Dec. 1, walking the entire distance without spending a cent, other than what he earned on the journey, arrived at San Francisco, Cal., on Dec. 1, with six hours to spare. Report says the money was put up by a New York club, the name of which he declines to mention.

A New College League was formed in New York recently. The meeting was attended by Captain Perkins and Edward C. Sibley, of the University of Pennsylvania; J. C. Lord, of Rutgers College; A. G. Bigbee, of Dartmouth College; J. E. Walsch, of the University of the City of New York, and J. H. Smart, of Trinity College. Harvard, Princeton, Havreford, Swarthmore, the University of Virginia, Chicago University, the University of Michigan and other colleges are expected to join.

Direct from the Yale football management the following is learned: In view of the fact that the University of Pennsylvania has defeated Harvard by a somewhat larger score than Yale did, and has also beaten Princeton, it is thought that the Quakers will probably challenge Yale to a game to decide which of the two colleges is intercollegiate champion at football. At Yale the general impression of the University is that, should Pennsylvania challenge Hinkey's men to a game, it must not be accepted.

Dr. F. W. Carver won a pigeon shooting contest at the Washington Park grounds, Chicago, recently. His opponents were ten men from the Washington Park Club and the Board of Trade. Dr. Carver made a score of 92 out of a possible 100, while his opponents only brought down 69 birds. The shoot was \$500 a side. Dr. Carver shooting at 100 birds, while his opponents shot at 10 each. Among the latter were W. Cummings, Swartz, Clark, Dupree, D. E. Hunter, E. S. Hunter and Edwards.

The following table shows the work on the six leading college football teams during 1894:

Name.	Games.	Points For.	Points Against.
Yale.....	15	473	13
Pennsylvania.....	15	380	20
Harvard.....	13	324	46
Princeton.....	10	202	44
Cornell.....	11	184	58
Léhigh.....	10	87	132

The evidence that football is more dangerous than prize fighting is found in the fact that not oftener than once, in many years is a man fatally injured in the prize ring, and then only when he has not been trained for the contest and is out of condition. On the football field, however, men in the very best condition have been killed, and as a matter of fact, the rules and conduct of the game are of such a nature as to make it almost impossible for a man to escape injury, and the best training will not guard against it.

On Dec. 3 half a million dollars' worth of horseflesh left Chicago, comprising the Salisbury and McHenry and C. J. Hamlin stables, for the Pacific Coast on a special train of four palace horse cars. In the bunch are four world's record breakers, Alix (2:03½), Directly, 2-year-old trotter (2:07½); Robert J., pacer (2:01½), and John R. Gentry, stallion pacer (2:00½). A California circuit has been arranged, opening at Los Angeles about Dec. 15, and racing at the following places: San Diego, Fresno, San Francisco, Sacramento, Napa, Petaluma, San Jose, Woodland and Chico.

At San Francisco, Cal., young Bob Ison, the lightweight colored jockey, furnished a sensation by stabbing Robert Combs another jockey, in the back and inflicting a serious if not fatal wound. In the third race Combs was on Lovelace, the favorite, and Ison rode San Luis Rey. Coming into the stretch Ison crowded Combs, and the latter after they had gone to the dressing room threatened to beat Ison. The latter talked back and Combs proceeded to assault him. Combs' story is that there had been a quarrel and that after it was over Ison dressed and came up behind him and stabbed him in the back. Ison was arrested.

A conspicuous trio of American sportmen will leave this country on Jan. 1, to participate in the international pigeon-shooting matches at Monte Carlo during the first week in February. They are George Work, Lewis Thompson and Frederick Hoey, three crack trap shooters. All three will take part in the most important matches held during the season abroad. They have been in practice right along, and will keep up a systematic course of training until they start for Europe. The shooting season at Monte Carlo is the chief sporting event of the year in Europe, and skilled trap shooters from all parts of the world participate in them. The season usually begins on December 10, or thereabouts, and lasts until the middle of March. All of the matches are open for competition among all nations.

The improvement in the play of the expert billiard players during the last year is simply astonishing. In the last match at balk-line billiards between Schaefer and Ives, which was played about a year ago, the anchor shot was allowed, and, even with this advantage, the best the winner could average was a fraction over 30. In the game in New York Ives averaged over 48 with the anchor barred, and Schaefer was defeated with an average of over 41. This improvement is probably due to the almost constant practice both players indulged in during their visit to Paris. No doubt Ives has forced Schaefer to change his system to some extent, as it has been noticed by the spectators at his practice games that he is not so anxious to get a perfect position or the first shot as he formerly was. If the first is a difficult one he now plays to make the shot regardless of position, taking chances that the next shot will be a better one for position. Formerly he would play for position, no matter where the balls were. Ives has always contended that the best system was to make the shot sure, and if position came, all right, and if not he was no worse off than before.

SUGGESTIONS FOR AN INTERNATIONAL REGATTA.

The following was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office from the manager of the proposed international regatta to be held at Austin, Tex.:

AUSTIN, TEX., Dec. 4, 1894.

RICHARD K. FOX.—Your letter in reference to Wag Harding's (the English champion) willingness to row in this country against Jake Gaudaur, the American, for the "Police Gazette" championship cup and championship of the world, at the international regatta at this place, if allowed \$500 for expenses, I would state has been handed to Capt. Crotty. In order to make you fully conversant with our position, it is necessary that I give you the full details concerning the contemplated races.

The citizens of Austin, through taxation and under the direction of the city government, have invested \$1,500,000 in a water, light and power plant, the power to be furnished by a dam which has been constructed across the Colorado river. This dam has been completed and forms an artificial lake 35 miles long, from one-quarter to one-half mile in width, and from 75 to 100 feet deep, which furnishes the finest course in the world for sculling and swimming, as the water is perfectly dead, without a particle of current or undertow, which makes it peculiarly adapted for establishing records in aquatics, as there is no current to aid contestants, and their records are therefore perfect performances, all of which you thoroughly understand. Now, our second international regatta held here last May, was to celebrate the completion of the piping and wiring of the city, the first regatta celebrating the completion of the dam. Now, the proposed regatta or championship races are to celebrate the turning on of the power, light and water. This is now centered in the power house which is rapidly nearing completion and will be finished and a trial test made the latter part of December or the first part of January. If it is a success and demonstrates the practical theories of the engineers in charge, then we will have some 15,000 horse power to operate factories, mills, etc.

From this you will no doubt see our position and understand why we do not at once invite Harding and the English four over here on the receipt of your message.

Now, as to the proposed races, we are just now debating whether we should give an open regatta or arrange for these races for the championship between Harding and crew and the American oarsmen in singles, doubles and fours. Mr. Crotty requests me to ask that you kindly let us have your views on this point. We have given two regattas at an enormous expense, and this third one should certainly place aquatics among the more prominent sports, which we desire to do. Mr. Crotty and myself have struck off a rough schedule of prizes: 1st, \$1,000; 2d, \$600; 3d, \$400; 4th, \$300. Doubles, 1st, \$600; 2d, \$400. Consolation: 1st, \$200; 2d, \$150; 3d, \$100. Four: 1st, \$500; 2d, \$250. Quarter-mile Dash, \$250. Half-mile Dash, with turn, \$300. Or for a championship series in singles, doubles and fours, we could hang up three purses, the contestants putting up a side bet in the usual manner. Such events to include the "Police Gazette" cup, which represents the championship; this fact to be thoroughly understood by all contestants. For championship in single sculls, \$2,500; Double, \$1,500; Four, \$1,000. This will give you an insight into what we want to do, and we would appreciate suggestions you may have to make.

Understand, we wish to make this the greatest event of its kind ever held, and therefore need the assistance of all who love the sport. The following suggestions in regard to the proposed programme were sent in reply:

NEW YORK, Dec. 6, 1894.

CAPTAIN CHOTTY, Manager, International Regatta, Austin, Tex.

Rowing in America among professionals has fallen so low since Hanlan was champion of the world that it would be foolish, in my opinion, to suppose that a regatta without the co-operation of foreign talent, would be a success. But an international regatta, in which oarsmen from foreign countries were offered inducements to compete in single, double, and four oared races, would not only awaken widespread interest in this country, but in all parts of the world. What would create greater interest than a special, single scull race between the champion of England and the champion of America for a purse of \$1,500, the "Police Gazette" championship challenge cup (the most valuable rowing trophy ever offered), and the championship of the world? This would bring together, Wag. Harding or Thomas Sullivan, who are matched to row for the championship of England, in honorable rivalry with Jake Gaudaur, the American champion who holds the "Police Gazette" championship rowing cup. Gaudaur has stated he will not row in an open race for the trophy, but he will row any man in the world in a special race at Austin, Texas, or on any suitable course.

According to the American champion's ultimatum I would suggest in the proposed international regatta under the auspices of the Citizens Association, Austin, Texas, that there should be two single scull races, one for the single scull championship of the world and the "Police Gazette" championship cup between Jake Gaudaur and Harding or Sullivan, and an open race to give all oarsmen who are experts at single scull rowing a chance to combine pleasure with profit. Such a contest will bring together outside of the champions, Wingate, Gibson, Bubar, Emmett, of England; Duran, Hanian, of Canada; and Teemer, Hosmer, Stevenson, Ten Eyck, of this country.

To complete the programme as far as professional oarsmen are concerned, I think an international double-scull race for the championship of the world would attract great interest, and if the purse offered is large enough, England, America and St. John, N. B., would be represented by two or more crews. England has agreed to send over two and a four, Canada will send one, probably two, while this country will certainly be represented by one or more.

Another important event which will create national interest and cap the climax, in my opinion, would be an international four-oared race for the championship of the world. The distance to be five miles and the race to be rowed in outrigger shells. If a suitable purse is offered, England will send a champion crew; St. John, N. B., who years ago held the supremacy at four-oared racing, will send a crew; while Canada, with Gaudaur, Duran, Hanian and Stevenson will have no trouble in organizing one; while with Teemer, Hosmer, Courtney, Ten Eyck, this country can be represented.

Now three great events like these would make an aquatic carnival, not speaking of the amateur races, one of the biggest regattas held since the Centennial Regatta in 1876. I am willing to do all in my power to assist in making the affair a success. RICHARD K. FOX.

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jured one of his legs while "playing" with the once notorious Jim Hughes, and the date of fight was one week later. Orville Gardner and Jimmy White wounded Coburn, while Tom O'Donnell was his umpire. After a very scientific battle Coburn knocked Gibbons out of time in 21 rounds, lasting 30 minutes.

J. D., Savannah, Ga.—Nat. Langham was the only pugilist that ever defeated Tom Sayers. Langham was born at Blenheym, near Leicester, England, in 1830. Langham's early encounters in the prize ring were with pugilists of the heavy division and his only defeat was by Harry Orme, who, by an unlucky throw, so spoiled Langham's science in the early part of the fight so as to obtain the victory; but only after 117 rounds, when the sponge was thrown by Langham's seconds at the close of one of the bravest battles ever fought in the ring.

W. P., Pittsburg, Pa.—The following gives the record of the Yale and Princeton football games:

1876—Yale, 2 goals; Princeton, 0; touch-down, 1.

1877—Yale, 3 touch-downs; Princeton, 0.

1878—Princeton, 1 goal; Yale, 0.

1879—Yale, 2触手; Princeton, 0.

1880—Yale, 5触手; Princeton, 0.

1881—Yale, 6; Princeton, 0.

1882—Yale, 1 goal; safety; Princeton, 0.

1883—Yale, 1 goal; Princeton, 0.

1884—Yale, 1 goal; Princeton, 0.

1885—Yale, 2触手; Princeton, 0.

1886—Yale, 3触手; Princeton, 0.

1887—Yale, 4触手; Princeton, 0.

1888—Yale, 5触手; Princeton, 0.

1889—Yale, 6触手; Princeton, 0.

1890—Yale, 7触手; Princeton, 0.

1891—Yale, 8触手; Princeton, 0.

1892—Yale, 9触手; Princeton, 0.

1893—Yale, 10触手; Princeton, 0.

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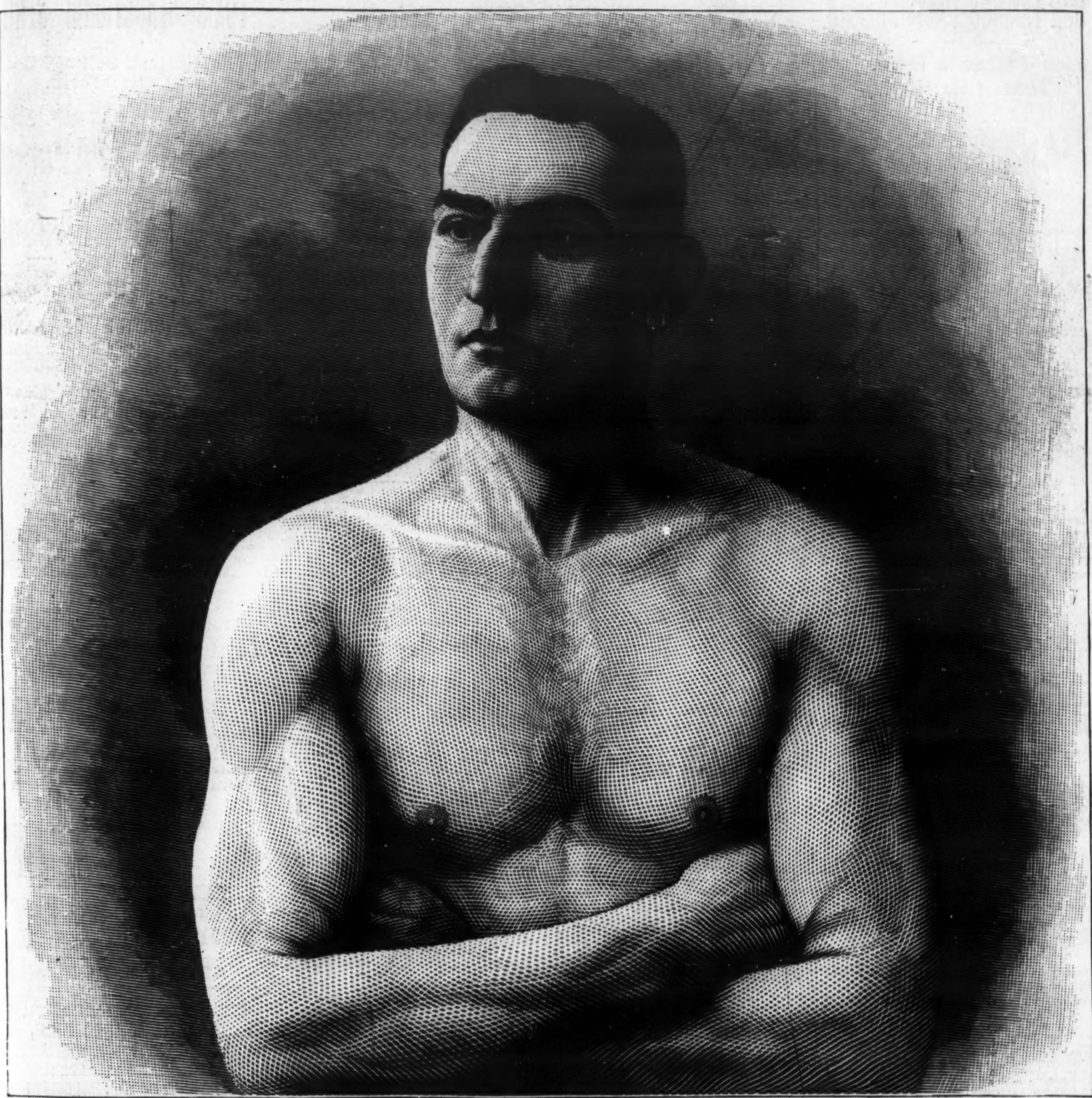
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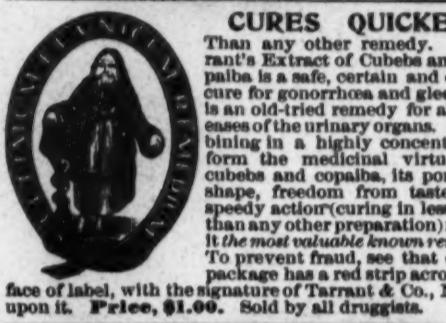
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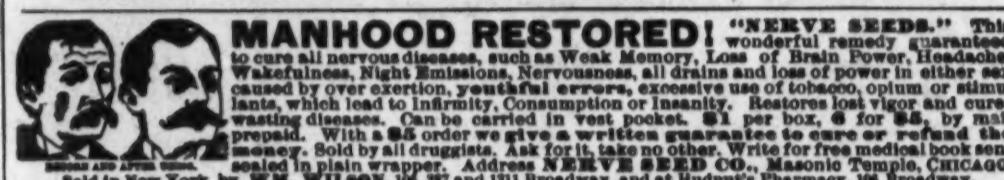
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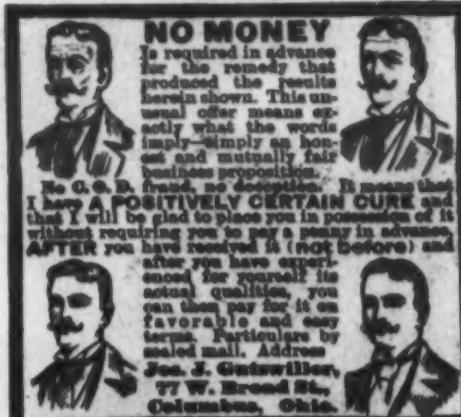
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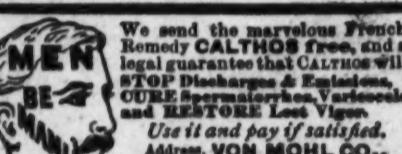
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